THE DAILY GLOBE

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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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THE WEATHER.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer	Exposed Thermometer	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer	Exposed Thermometer
St. Paul....	29.60	30	Helena....	29.46	36
Duluth....	29.64	32	Ft. Totten	......	...
La Crosse.	29.68	36	Ft. Sully..	......	...
Huron.....	29.46	28	Minnedosa	29.64	4
Moorhead..	29.52	26	Calgary....	29.88	-10
St. Vincent	29.6	12	Edmonton..	....	-4
Bismarck..	30.50	22	Q'Appelle.	29.76	-10
Ft. Buford.	29.44	32	Medic'e H..	....	....
Ft. Custer..	29.42	32	Winnipeg..	29.68	0

LOCAL FORECAST.

For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair weather; stationary temperature, followed by light snow and colder Sunday night.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Duluth Republicans name M. O. Hall for mayor.

Virginia negroes claim they have been disfranchised.

North Dakota's legislators are entertained at Grand Forks.

South Dakota publishers organize an association at Mitchell.

Bismarck's bill to squelch social democracy is knocked out.

Gov. Mellette, of South Dakota, makes an appeal for seed wheat.

Chicago's friends are again worsted by New York in the world's fair committee.

Certain receivers of public moneys are swindling Uncle Sam and escaping detection.

Canadian lumbermen are stealing billions of feet of timber from the pine forests of Northern Minnesota.

An alleged flaw has been found in titles to real estate, valued at millions, in Helena, Great Falls and Anaconda.

Nellie Bly completes her trip around the world in 72 days, 6 hours and 11 minutes. Miss Bisland is still on the Atlantic.

The Missouri Valley Cut Stone Contractors' and Quarrymen's association opens its semi-annual convention in St. Paul.

RELIGIOUS RASCALS.

The monotony of the weekly prayer meeting in one of St. Paul's most orthodox churches was broken the other night by the plain talk of a good brother whose remarks were more wholesome than palatable. The meeting had under discussion the influences which tend most to keep worldlings out of the church and which are the greatest obstacles to church progression. A prominent layman had just closed an address on the evil influences of the saloon when the good brother above referred to took the floor and stated that in his opinion all the evil influences of the world put together were not as much of a bar to the progress of Christianity as is the rascality that prevails among church members. This was a blunt statement to be made by a church member to a congregation of church members, and it is not surprising that it created a sensation. But is it true? That is the important question. If the layman who is quoted is right in his opinion that the rascalities of individual church members are the great obstacle to the progress of church work, it is about time that the churches were adopting the winnowing processes and were beginning to separate the chaff from the wheat. Whether the statement is true or not it cannot be denied that the belief is correct that the churches are disposed to wink at the shortcomings of their members, and this fact is used by a large proportion of the worldlings as an excuse for keeping out of the churches. There are a great many good Sunday Christians in this world whose religion is away below par on week days. The class of professing Christian is numerous who think that all the duties of a church member are confined to the four walls of the sanctuary. Their every-day life is far from being an exemplification of the teachings of Christianity. Perhaps they would be just as bad, or worse, if they were not church members, but then their conduct would bring no reproach on the cause of religion. It is a common habit with the churches nowadays of adopting the practices of the political parties, of condoning the sins of their own members and often of justifying their crooked methods. Occasionally some poor church member, who has neither friends nor money to back him, goes astray, and then the church authorities are swift to make a horrible example of him. But how often does it occur that a man of wealth and high social standing is drawn over the coals on account of his derelictions? It is an easy matter to go into almost any church congregation in the land and pick out a score of men who almost every day of their lives deliberately, and often maliciously violate some one of the ten commandments, and yet no account is taken of it by the church authorities. Their transgressions are condoned on the ground that their money or influence is needed for the support of the church. These things are seen and observed by the worldlings, who reason that if such conduct is permissible in a church member then they have nothing to hazard by staying outside of the church doors. The force of example is potent in this world. A blameless life is a better sermon than can be preached with lips.

And yet it is possible that the rascalities of church members are exaggerated. The same amount of rascality among worldlings would not attract attention. Thus we see that the force of a person's example is all in the position he occupies. There is really more purity in the churches than the world is willing to give credit for. The great body of professing Christians who walk humbly before God and stand upright in the presence of their fellow men do not attract public attention, because they are simply performing what is expected of them. Yet the church member whose life contradicts his professions is singled out for special observation, because he is recognized as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Still, he can do more harm to the cause of religion than can be offset by the good performed by the ninety and nine who walk in the straight and narrow way. In view of this fact the good brother was right, after all, when he said the rascally church member is more of a bar to the progress of religion than the saloon, or, for that matter, all the evil influences of the world combined. It is because of the position the rascally church member occupies in the sight of the world. If the churches would adopt a stricter discipline relating to membership and would seek to reduce their numbers so as to include godly persons only, instead of endeavoring to swell the membership by admitting the ungodly for the sake of gain, then Christianity would make progress and the cause of religion could easily surmount the obstacles the world presents.

HOME INDUSTRIES.

The board of directors of the chamber of commerce desire a full attendance of the members of that body at the meeting to-morrow morning. The subjects named as the special orders for to-morrow are immigration and manufacturing, and it is desirable to have a full expression of the business interests of this city on these two important subjects. There are those who believe that we have reached a crisis in the growth of this city, and that unless some special effort is made in the way of inducing immigration and in establishing manufacturing industries we will come to a stand still, if not actually retrograde. While the GLOBE does not share in this opinion, still we are impressed with the fact that we are approaching an epoch in the city's prosperity, and that it behooves every man to lay his shoulder to the wheel and help to usher in the epoch with becoming splendor.

The men who laid the foundations of our commercial prosperity are still living, and as long as they are at the helm there is no danger of a retrograde movement. But there are new fields of conquest now opening up before them, and their services are needed in achieving the new developments that are inviting their attention. Our commercial supremacy is established, and now we want to made a reputation for St. Paul as a manufacturing center. Shall we do it?

In St. Paul's sudden rise to fame and fortune it would be a marvel if some mistakes had not been made during the progress of this rapid development. Yet it is more of a marvel that comparatively so few have been made. Those few are potent to the eye, so there is no necessity of directing attention to them in this connection.

It is sufficient to say we have reached the period when we must give over our glorification and settle down to earnest, hard work in solidifying the advantages we have gained. We have achieved prosperity. The thing now to do is to so adjust conditions that prosperity will be forever perpetuated.

How are we to go about it?

Well, let us see. A good way to begin is by propounding questions to ourselves, and then finding satisfactory answers to them.

Outside of our commercial and railway interests, what have we done in the way of establishing substantial home industries?

The railroads have opened avenues of communication for the city with the country in all directions, over which jobbers are shipping out their goods, but what are the roads bringing back into St. Paul?

The country tributary to St. Paul grows annually about 60,000,000 bushels of wheat. How much of that wheat ought to be ground in this city, and how many elevators ought we to have to receive it? How many mills and elevators have we?

The annual wool clip to the west of us amounts to 15,000,000 pounds, and every pound of it passes through St. Paul on its way to market. How many spindles and looms ought we to have to work up this great wool clip? How many spindles and looms have we?

There is a great iron district lying to the north of us, and every iron bed connected with this city by railways. How many furnaces and mills ought we to have? How many have we?

We are on the border of one of the finest lumber sections in the world, with all the streams running right to us and through us. How many woodenware factories ought we to have? How many have we?

We are the metropolis of one of the finest agricultural regions of the West. How many of the articles needed by the farming population of Minnesota and the country beyond ought to be made in St. Paul? How many do we make?

These are a few questions we propound by way of suggestion to the chamber of commerce meeting to-morrow. They will serve as a starter for the discussion. There is room for more, and all will admit of elaboration.

There is another thing we want to suggest. It is a trite saying that the gods help those who help themselves. If we are going to invite capital to come here and invest in manufacturing, we must first show our faith by our works. There is a good deal of home capital lying around loose that might as well find investment in substantial home industries. It will encourage capitalists abroad when they see evidences of our own faith in St. Paul as a manufacturing center. And, until home capital takes hold, foreign capital will be shy.

We hope to see a good attendance at the meeting to-morrow, and shall be disappointed if good results do not follow.

A POSTAL PHONOGRAPH.

Some account has been given of the proposition to utilize the phonograph in connection with the postal service in Mexico. It seems that the late consul general from this country has concluded a contract with the Mexican government for its use in the postoffices of that country. The contract is for fifteen years, and a local company is to furnish clerks and care for the instruments. If it is a considerable convenience this country should be the first to have it. The cylinders are to be sent in the mail at the same rate as first-class matter. The cases in which its use is specially anticipated are where the voice is wanted to identify the sender, or the people can't read or write. The latter class are very numerous in Mexico. Some interest will be taken in noting how the thing works in that country.

SOME DON'T NEED IT.

When times become a little close, and the look ahead is not altogether assuring, the standard advice is to cut down the expenditures—be more economical. That is always good counsel for those who do not have a little balance on the right side every year. In the abstract, economy looks like a good thing, and it is possible that some need to have it impressed upon them. Still, it depends a good deal upon circumstances whether it is a virtue to be inculcated. It means cutting down expenses. The man who lives on an avenue with more income than he spends concludes that he must economize. If he is employing four or five men about his premises, he reduces the number to one. If his wife keeps several sewing girls they will be reduced one-half. The big railroad has a little trouble to keep up its dividends and the plethoric salaries of its officers, and a great number of men are turned out of employment. This economy streak runs along all the business lines, consequently there is no chance for the people thrown out by economy to gain other employment. They have little or no means of subsistence to fall back on, and are not in need of any precepts of retrenchment. Somehow wealthy people and high livers are most apt to do their economizing at the expense of labor, and not in the costly luxuries that minister to their appetites or comfort. It always makes dull times in a community when there is a prevalent movement to economize. Things move off most actively and smoothly in a town where the people are not eager to save what they gain, but spend it freely and help other people to get along. Economy don't want to be taken generally, like whisky and quinine, for fear of the grip. Some don't need it.

CAN BE DONE.

The preacher who, in the discussion of the Sunday paper met the statement that it was the Monday issue that involved Sunday labor with the theory that this could be avoided by preparing the Monday paper for the press Saturday night, was perhaps not aware that the feasibility of that plan had been tested. Before the war the Sunday issue was almost entirely unknown. Only here and there a notoriously wicked sheet appeared every day in the week. In many cases the Monday morning paper was put in type Saturday. One such instance is recalled of a daily paper among the most prominent and influential in one of the largest Western states. Work on the Monday issue was substantially ended by 9 o'clock on Saturday night. The paper was made ready for the press, and the office locked up, not to be opened again till early Monday morning. It was in the era when the incidents that led to the war were taking hold of the public mind, and there was eager anxiety for the latest news. This forced a partial letting down of the high standard of the paper recalled. If reports of any exciting event came to hand on Sunday, the editor would hunt up some of the printers after Sunday school, and open the pages for a few lines of narration. Bright and early on Monday the paper was out with its history of the world for a day. A suspicion of being slow might have contributed to the final demise of that sheet, but it left an example. Perhaps an imitator now would find favor and support with those who see "a viper" in the Sunday issue. They would no doubt enjoy the two-day-old seasoned news at their Monday morning breakfast. Perhaps they do not even read of Sunday events.

NEWSPAPER HEADS.

Chicago also has a twilight club, designated as Sunset, which determines the problems of life and society. At a recent symposium the newspapers came under review and one of the philosophers descanted disapprovingly upon the system of headlines in vogue. The offensive phase was specially notable at Chicago, of course. The grumbler lived in a suburban town and, in coming in on the car, he had often been disturbed by the apprehension that some person would note the headlines before him. One might suppose he was reading some nauseous divorce trial or account of a prize fight. Allowing for any loudness required by the perverted Chicago taste, there may often be room for improvement. The reputation of a paper is at times largely made by its headlines. It will be remembered that the former management of a Chicago paper so shocked the public sense with sacrilegious headings that the paper is still viewed with apprehension in many circles. Instances have been noted of journals going to an absurd extreme in filling too much space for the character of the news. In recent times there is system and art in headlines. It is one of the departments of newspaper architecture, in which skill and taste are in the highest demand. No bungler or slow coach can fill the position. It is rapid work. The salient points in the articles must be caught at a glance, and indicated in the captions with graduations of typographical conspicuity. There must be no misleading or failure to strike the live interior of the narrations. There may be indications of exhilaration over events that the paper is known to be representative of, but the reader exacts good faith with him. He must not be victimized by the headlines. They must be pleasing to the eye. It is no small feature of a first-class paper to prepare the heads.

PEOPLE look up at the wires being strung across the streets from the iron posts painted black, and the heavy wire running along the center of the street with a sort of curious apprehension. Even the gamins hesitate to put a hand on the posts. It is perhaps well that people should be a little overcautious, but a disaster now and then will be needed to make the apprehension durable. An incident at Newburg, N. Y., a week or two ago, is related as showing the possibilities. One of the heavily-charged wires sagged and touched an awning supported by iron posts. A horse nosed his nose to one of the posts and at once became a dead horse. A man who went to help him was killed and a second knocked down. The wires are good things to let alone.

THE noted organ of prohibition in New York city asserts that the United States, Great Britain and Germany are the champions of the world for liquor-drinking. No other great people can hold the glass with them. It does not contrast with them the Chinese, the Mahometan nations, the Esquimaux and other people who do not use alcoholic stimulants. These hard drinking nations have a fair share of the world's enterprise and good things. Their people are said to have more and know more on the average, as well as live longer than the people on the more abstemious list.

ONE of the scientific cranks who are always hunting up things to make people uncomfortable, has found that milk induces insanity. The mental unbalance has a proportion to the use of milk. Typhoid fever, winter cholera and other diseases are due to water, wine induces Bright's disease, beer makes people fit for the soap barrel, tea and coffee shatter the nerves, whisky brings snakes into the boots and milk sends people to the lunatic asylum. The only safety seems to be in not drinking at all. But eating is nearly as bad, as little can be known of the constituents of the culinary elements.

IT is alleged that some of the sensational sermons purporting to be cabled over the water are really ten or fifteen years old, and not a word of them comes by wire. That is a shallow objection. The entire New Testament was once sent over from England by cable, but that did not add to its truths. Sermons may be full of dramatic periods and sensational poses if they never run on a Sunday wire.

IN A lecture on the working girls of Boston it is stated that 25,000 of them not domestics are earning their own living. Another authority states that the unmarried working women of Massachusetts have $29,000,000 in the savings banks. These Boston girls must have a good part of the large sum. They ought to be able to set a good many young men up in business.

IT is noted in Boston that the crusade of a few of the rightly zealous but somewhat unbalanced clerical brethren in the westerly twin, against their coworker, the Sunday paper, "does not have the indorsement of St. Paul." Reference is had probably to the city, but it would no doubt be equally true of the saint if he is so situated as to observe.

THE incredible story is told that a callow youth down in Alabama willed $10,000 to the Y. M. C. A. in his locality and then smoked himself to death with cigarettes. Possibly it will appear with the proper affidavits in the literature of that organization as an incentive to imitation.

IF FIVE millions of American dollars have been counterfeited and put in circulation by Mexicans, it is still a fact that they have as much silver in them as the genuine coin. The 26 cents shortage of the latter affords a good margin for the imitators.

WHILE English people are buying things on this side, the capital of joint stock companies floated in London in 1889 was about double that of 1888 nominally. Perhaps they are preparing a great financial crash.

IN THE irrigation discussion it may be noted that in California it is found that the wine grown by irrigation is vastly superior to that produced without it. In fact, it comes about up to the French standard.

SULLIVAN is like PATTI. She wouldn't sing till the money was up. JOHN L. is inexorable when the color line is to be crossed.

THE proposition for the New York legislature to empower New York city to spend $10,000,000 for the fair has a business look.

THE grip was perhaps frozen out by the cold snap. It seems to be tired.

TOPICAL TALK.

What Whisky Did for Riddleberger. What a horrible example of a misspent life was poor Harry Riddleberger's career. He commenced at nothing and ended lower down than where he began. Yet, in the interim between the beginning and the ending of his fifty-five years on earth, he shot up into the political firmament like a star of glory. Beginning life without friends or fortune, he rose by merit alone to the senate of the United States, a position that he won by sheer ability to attain, and yet it would have been better for Riddleberger if he had never had a political aspiration. The end was dramatically ruinous. Whisky did it, and did it effectually. When I first knew Harry Riddleberger he was no drunkard. He was as bright and manly a young fellow as one will see in a lifetime. His was a lovable nature, and he was the very personification of honor. He didn't need wealth and family influence to open the way for him. Nature had endowed him with those heroic qualities that qualified him for leadership, and his countrymen felt that they were honoring themselves in honoring him. What a pity to see such a life blasted by the demon drink. It was with Riddleberger as it is with so many of America's brightest young men who eventually fill drunkards' graves. First it was the social glass without a thought that anything more would come of it. Then came the excitement of politics and the "treating" and being "treated." The nervous strain resulting from political excitement impresses the victim with the necessity for the use of stimulants. In Riddleberger's case the danger line was reached before he was conscious that there was a danger line, and ruin was inevitable. The last time I saw the poor fellow was at the Chicago convention in 1888, a melancholy wreck. He rose in the convention one night in a maudlin condition and tried to make a speech. His face was flushed, his hair was disheveled, the eyes had a vacant, idiotic stare, the tongue was thick, and if he knew what he wanted to say, he failed to carry his thoughts intelligently to the audience. The delegates were impatient, and hooted him down. The crowd in the auditorium building only thought of him as they saw him there that night. But I thought of him as I had seen him in the pride of his young manhood, and as I made the comparison the old lines came to mind:

> Whisky, whisky, bane of life.
> Cause of tumult, source of strife,
> If I'd but half thy curses tell
> The wise would wish thee safe in hell.

* * *

The First Abolitionists Were Southerners. Senator Ingalls' taunt to New England the other day that an anti-slavery sentiment never existed in that section until slavery was found to be unprofitable, recalls another peculiar fact in regard to slavery not generally known. The abolition movement originated in the South and among slaveholders. The book recently published by the Appletons entitled "James G. Birney and His Times," reveals the fact that Birney, the first free-soil candidate for president, was a Southerner. He was born in Kentucky and lived for a great many years in Alabama where he was a member of the legislature and mayor of Huntsville. During his public life in Alabama he was the consistent advocate of the abolition of slavery and his opinions were always respected. He was at the head of an abolition movement in Alabama for fifteen years before he moved to Ohio, and from thence to New York. He was the time he was a presidential candidate. But the abolition movement had originated in the South long before Birney's time. In 1777 Rev. John Doak, a Virginia Presbyterian clergyman, freed his own slaves and became the public advocate of abolition. He afterwards settled in Tennessee, where, with Rev. John Rankin, John Osborn, Jesse Lockhart and others, he founded the Manumission Society of Tennessee, which continued in existence down to Parson Brownlow's time. As early as 1820 an abolition paper was started at Jonesborough, Tenn., by Elihu Embree, and flourished for a great many years. In 1834 the Abolition Intelligencer was founded in Kentucky, and the Liberalist in Louisiana, both papers advocating the immediate emancipation of the slaves. In 1824 Rev. W. H. Huffner, the president of a Virginia college, published a pamphlet advocating emancipation, which received the indorsement of many prominent politicians of the state. Among those who signed a paper indorsing the Ruffner pamphlet was John Letcher, a young man who first came to the bar, but who was afterwards congressman and governor, and who was the war governor of Virginia. When Letcher was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1860 the Ruffner pamphlet was used against him, but without effect, as he was elected by a handsome majority over his whig competitor. In 1832 Charles James Faulkner, afterwards minister to France, introduced a bill in the Virginia legislature looking to the gradual emancipation of the slaves, and in support of his bill made a powerful abolition speech. These are a few scraps of history that have been lost sight of in modern times, but they are authentic.

SUNDAY CHATTER.

The modesty of some of the young people on St. Anthony hill is phenomenal. The idea of newspaper fame brings blushes often to their cheeks. For instance, a tony club party in tobogganning near Summit avenue last Sunday night met an incident that covered the head and faces of the men with blood and required ambulances and surgeons for the ladies, and yet they took all precautions to keep it out of the papers. About the same time a young man of the blue blood persuasion, who dotes on cigarettes and the girls, was an actor in a bit of comedy that he would not have made public on any account. He had stayed much longer than good usage warrants, sitting up with one of his best girls. It was so late, in fact, that he did not believe he would be able to wake up at the business hour, so he went to his room and made up a package of his week day suit and started to go to sleep with a friend nearer town who would wake him. One of the vigilant hill police saw him coming out of the house with a bundle at this unseemly and suspicious hour, and took him for a burglar. He did not dare to run, as the officer proposed to make him a target. His explanations were received with a good deal of incredulity, although he opened the package. As a test, the officer asked him to name the contents of a certain pocket. The pool ticket, photograph and comb were not there. He was evidently a petty burglar and could not fool the police, so he was run down to the station and made to try on the suit, which was found an excellent fit, and effected his release. The story has partially gotten out in his circle, although he pledged the police not to let any reporter get hold of it. It is innate, shrinking modesty that causes these parties to shun the public light in their little mishaps.

Relics From Chicago.

The parties who bought Libby prison and took it to Chicago to exhibit seem to have made a good speculation; over 100,000 people have visited it in three months. Some St. Paul young ladies who took it in on a recent visit to the Lake City, brought back grips padded with pine chunks that had constituted a part of the structure. They will treasure these and hand them down to posterity as interesting relics. One of them seemed to the possessor to have marks of blood on it. Some innate fiend had evidently murdered some of the crawlers that used to infest people in such places. There can easily be a supply of such relics as long as there are old pineboards and sticks in Chicago. The war museum in the building is full of objects of interest, most of which are not being given away or sold, as the supply cannot be kept up, as in the case of the building. The value of most relics is in the label on them. If that is credited the sentiment comes along all right.

A Peculiar Decision.

The jury in the Clemens Muller breach of promise suit in New York found a verdict of $12,000 for Miss Cammerer, whose heart was threatened with blight. Her sad humor disappeared like the dew in the morning sun as the verdict was rendered. Not a sign of heart fracture was visible. That $12,000 had more possibilities of bliss than the "ocean of kisses" the aged lover sent her. The peculiar feature of the case was that an award for breach of promise was had although the contracting lady knew that her lover had a wife in an asylum from whom he had not obtained a divorce. The new marriage was to take place after the divorce was had. This was not obtained, and still the jury held that the woman had a good case. Of course she had no right to love another woman's husband, but it was probably a prospective heart movement. The love was to flow from the date of the divorce. On the whole, it doesn't seem just the thing for a young woman to agree to marry a man until she is quite sure he can get rid of his wife.

Not Good Example.

A Boston paper has a rather singular case of "the terrible example" sort in view. A woman lately died in that state at the age of 101, who had been a constant smoker all her life. She smoked after every meal, often at night also, and used a pound of strong plug tobacco every week. The funny part of the thing is that forty years ago an anti-tobacco league started in on a reformatory mission in that section and used this old lady as "the terrible example." She was good-natured enough to sit on the platform smoking her pipe and be pointed at as a slave to a vile habit and hastening her way to a sad, early grave. But she smoked on, and when 100 years old was able to smoke over the grave of the last of the reformers. She might have lived quite as long had she never used tobacco. Instances of that sort do not prove that tobacco may not be injurious to the young or some constitutions in maturity. Individual cases are not reliable for the use that is often made of them to prove any anxious theory.

A Snob Notion.

Journals in the old country are inclined to ridicule the quite frequent practice in this country to size up gatherings by their pockets. There is a suspicion of snobbery in it and an ignoble standard. At a cock fight in New York a report states that twenty men present represented $2,000,000. At a wedding the party in front of the altar are stated to size up $30,000,000. At a funeral "$60,000,000 stood about the bier." Unless the gathering is distinctly classified by the possessions of the individuals there is no more propriety in singling out the men who have money than those who have bald heads or light or dark hair. A man is not necessarily an object of invidious comment because he has millions. In all the make-up of good samples of manhood he may compare favorably with the standard "poor, but honest." The chances may not be quite favorable, but there are grand men who are rich. If they are rare, all the more need of giving them respectful reference. It is only toadyism that genuflects before dollars.

The most remarkable case of insomnia on record is reported from that land of remarkable products, Georgia. Charles Harden, a negro of Athens, in that state, is said to have lived four years without sleeping at all.

WHAT SHALL I CALL MY LOVE?

> If there be truth in ancient saws
> Itsurely would be meet
> That I should call my love "Revenge"—
> They say Revenge is sweet.
>
> Or I might name her "Conscience," who
> Makes cowards of us all;
> Or her that teaches more than books
> "Experience" I might call.
>
> "Economy" is wealth, they say—
> She's wealth enough for me;
> "Consistency's" a jewel, and
> A jewel, too, is she.
>
> Or "Knowledge" would be apt and true,
> For that is power, I wis;
> Yet might I dub her "Ignorance,"
> For Ignorance is bliss.
>
> And yet again, she drives us mad,
> So "Learning" would be it;
> And she'd disgrace to "Brevity,"
> For she's the soul of wit.
>
> But when before her virgin charms
> My suppliant knee is bent
> I'd call her "Silence," for
> 'Tis Silence gives consent.
>
> And if in these triumphant arms
> I hold the winsome elf,
> I'd call her "History," in the hope
> That she'll repeat herself.
>
> —Wilson K. Welsh in Life.

GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT MEN.

How Jay Cooke Looks. Jay Cooke was walking in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue hotel last night, says a New York writer. He is a very old man now, and has seen a great deal of the shadow and sunshine of life. Yet he is contented, cheerful and rich. He is a striking character. He dresses more like a farmer than a great financier, and his slouch hat and white whiskers give him a very picturesque appearance. Mr. Cooke was born up at Sandusky, on Lake Erie, and was brought to Washington from the obscurity of this Ohio town by Salmon P. Chase to take part in placing our first national loans during the war. He at once became a great financial power at the national capital, and no man has ever lived in this country who has at one time and another exerted a wider influence upon its fiscal affairs than did Jay Cooke for a number of years. The Northern Pacific railroad, which was his pet project, ruined him; but those who took his advice and stood by the road got their entire investments back, with 10 per cent interest, inside of ten years. Mr. Cooke was an old man when failure overtook him in 1874. Yet he has made a great fortune since that time. He owns the railroad running from Carlisle to Gettysburg, Pa., and has other large corporate interests. While he has given up banking, he is still a power in financial circles, and takes a lively interest in all monetary affairs. He lives just outside of Philadelphia on a beautiful estate kept by his son-in-law. It is within a stone's throw of "Ogontz," that magnificent palace and countryseat which Mr. Cooke occupied when he failed. That has now passed into other hands, and is used as a swell young ladies' school, probably one of the most expensive institutions of the kind in the country. Thus Mr. Cooke is living among the scenes he loved so well while the leading banker of the country, and amid the evidences of his own work and taste.

Chauncey Depew at Home. Home is the last place that a very busy public man enjoys, as a rule, but there are three Republican leaders of men, who are also leaders of men, who are devoted to their homes and who believe no other men are half so happy in their domesticity as themselves. These three are Chauncey M. Depew, Russell A. Alger and Thomas C. Platt, the master of the Republican party in New York state. Chauncey M. Depew is like a great boy at home, a playmate of his little son. The two meet at breakfast, but are not half warmed up for the day's excitement by the time the great railroad magnate goes to work. When he returns at 4:30 or 5 o'clock he goes to his study. It is significant that in that room all his son's toys are stored. Could one of the Vanderbilts look in there they would see the manager of their vast properties down on all fours, "being a bear," or straddling a hobby horse and pretending to be a soldier charging an enemy. By dinner time the fun has developed to such an extent that this meal is known as "the Depew circus." Only the most intimate friends, a few of them, ever share in the fun at that meal, when Mr. and Mrs. Depew and the heir of his heart remember and utilize every funny thing they have read or heard during the day.

Dave Hill Likes Base Ball. David B. Hill, who aspires to the presidency as the Democratic candidate, is a mystery to all his friends. The better they know him the more they marvel at him. He not only has no vices—as has been often said—but he has no amusements or means of recreation. He eats to appease hunger, but without particularity for particular dishes, or much knowledge of what he is eating. His evenings are spent like his days, in the governor's room. He is the arch politician (or statesman, his friends would prefer to call him) of this day. Once, when a bitter newspaper foe was being talked of, the governor said: "Sometimes I believe that fellow gets under my bed and finds out what I dream." So that it appears he does not cease to interest himself in public affairs in his sleep. There is a vacant lot in front of the $16,000,000 capitol in Albany, and it is a favorite place for little boys to gather and play ball. One day the governor promised to read a document and pass upon its merits in a few minutes. An hour afterward he was found next to have looked at the instrument. "The boys were playing ball out here," said he, "and I got so interested in the game that I forgot everything else." It is the mildest possible form of a fad on the governor's part, but this liking for base ball is his only one. He is a bright, alert conversationalist, and tells good stories very well. But they are all political.

Ex-Secretary Bristow's Career. Along Fifth avenue I meet very frequently ex-Secretary B. H. Bristow, writes a New York Star man. He is a large, portly man, with a great, round face, upon which is written the signs of courage and firmness. He has aged very much since he was secretary of the treasury in Grant's cabinet. Yet, the exercise he takes in walking up and down from his law office keeps him strong and vigorous. Had it not been for an accident Mr. Bristow might have been president of the United States, but he happened to be placed in an unenviable position with a great man who was the idol of the American people. This fact would probably not have injured him had it not been that Gen. Grant's enemies, who called themselves reformers, lit upon Bristow as a presidential candidate against the man in whose cabinet he was serving. As usual these Reformers made a good deal of trouble; but for no one as much as for Bristow. They put him in a false position before the American people and before his chief. They made the discharge of his plain duty a menace against Gen. Grant. So when Bristow left the cabinet, taking with their venom, and came to New York to practice law, a great part of the country looked upon him as a man who had secretly betrayed his master. Coming from the greatest whisky distilling district in the United States Bristow had well-defined suspicions of frauds upon the revenue before he had the power to grapple with them. When he was made secretary he began to lay his plans to destroy the whisky ring. This action brought him into high official circles and provoked a great scandal. The enemies of Gen. Grant seized upon this action, made Bristow a presidential candidate, and started him on the road to political destruction. Bristow was fair and faithful all the way around; but those who used him were not. He destroyed the whisky ring, and his "friends" destroyed him. He left the public life at the end of his term in disgust, and instead of returning to Kentucky, he came to New York to practice law, quitting public life forever. He has plodded along, making money, and preserving a dignified silence through all the misrepresentations and the troubles of that memorable presidential contest of 1876, when Hayes was nominated for the presidency, and he went out of power.

THE EXILE OF THE NEGRO.

The only way to treat the matter is as a huge joke which nobody has the slightest idea of converting into a practical one.—Boston Globe.

The example of the North is not perfect, but if the South will live up to it, the negro's condition need not longer be a source of national reproach.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It will profit us to expel six or eight million negroes, perfectly adapted to working under the Southern sun, and fill their places with Huns and Italians?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hon. James Phelan, of Tennessee, says that the proposed scheme for the deportation of the negroes from this country is not worthy of serious consideration, and Hon. James Phelan is right.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

A better way to solve the negro problem is for the whites of the south, and of the north, also, to surrender the prejudice they have against the black man, and give him the rights which belong to him. If the leading men of the south will bend their energies to the accomplishment of this end they will do more to settle the negro question than any number of chimerical schemes can.—Philadelphia Press.

The Republican press wants the blacks to remain where they are, and it proposes to solve the race problem in the south in a way that it could not be solved in the north, if there were a large black population there. The blacks are in the south to stay, and the south must deal with the race question, with the understanding that they are, and that the north is disposed to increase the difficulties of dealing with it.—Savannah News.

ODD THINGS IN LIFE.

Two-thirds of all the children born in Connecticut in 1889 were boys.

J. A. Steinmetz, while visiting near Downingtown, Pa., went gunning, and shot the four legs of a rabbit.

A Philadelphia shoemaker's dog died a day or two ago from swallowing a piece of sole leather in mistake for beefsteak.

At Keyport, N. J., the other day, a brother and sister met for the first time since their parting, in Germany, twenty-five years ago.

Levi Williamson, of Ansonia, Conn., has a hog that is seven feet long and weighs 1,000 pounds. It is so fat that it is unable to get up.

A Chinese laundryman at Bristol, Pa. rents all the places in the city available for laundries, so that he can enjoy a monopoly of the trade.

Joseph Russell, of Ludlow, Ky., jumped 240 feet sheer down into the Tennessee river, at Edgewood, Ky., the other day, for a purse of $200.

Miss Edwards, teacher of the school at Graniteville, Nevada county, California, went to North Bloomfield, fourteen, miles, on snowshoes the other day. She made the trip in four hours.

Henry Schmucker, a farmer at Lowhill, near Allentown, attempted to shoot a wild turkey, when the cap missed fire, but he exploded the fowling piece with a match, and killed the bird.

Ardon G. Case, of Wratogue, in the town of Simsbury, is the champion hunter of Connecticut this season. Mr. Case has captured by gun and trap, from October to January, twenty-three foxes, twenty mink, eighty-three muskrats, thirteen skunks and two coons. One fox was a handsome silver gray. The result of this success is many hard dollars, the fox, mink and muskrat skins being quite valuable.

It is learned that Dr. Justin Canastoga is about to institute a series of experiments with a dynamite shell which he claims can be discharged by powder from an ordinary ordnance piece, and made to explode at a distance, the same as a powder-shell. In order to further his experiments, the inventor has obtained an English Blakely gun used during the war on the defenses of Charleston, S. C.

The principal sea fish that serve as nourishment to the human race are the skate or ray, the shark family, the sturgeon, the tunny, the mackerel, the codfish, the herring, the sardine, the anchovy, the salmon and the eel. Some readers may be surprised to see the shark included, but it is a numerous family, and all are not man-eaters. The shark fishery is a regularly established industry in some parts of the world.

FREE FOR ALL.

The Proper Penalty.—Contributor—How much ought I to get for that poem? Editor—You ought to get about fifteen years.—Life.

Irate Housewife — You're always breaking something. Servant—Sure but I ain't tried it on you recent for fault finding.—Rome Sentinel.

Bronson—See here, Cadley, did you tell Smithers that I was the meanest white man that ever lived? No, I didn't draw the color line.—New York Sun.

The poet says that "'Tis love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go round" quite frequently Sunday nights.—Toledo Commercial.

How He Filled It.—Wife—Where are you going, John?

John—Down street to fill an engagement.

Two minutes later John was standing at the bar filling a large-sized schooner.—Kearney Enterprise.

Mated Minds—"I can tell you one thing," said Mr. Fizggig, with emphasis; "when I marry, it won't be any 'higher education' girl. My wife won't know Latin!"

"No," said Edgely, looking at him attentively; "nor beans."—Puck.

Miss Poorbody Leftby—It's a wonder Miss McGilder can be so light-hearted after playing such a severe trick on Mr. Snowden last night, when he asked for her hand.

Mr. Oifam—Did she refuse him?

Miss Poorbody Leftby—No; she accepted him.—Puck.

Father—I hope you are doing well in the financial world, my son.

Son—Yes, father; I made $3,000 last year, but if I have good luck this year I shall make a cool $50,000.

Father—You have great business ability, Jack. Is it legitimate speculation?

Son—Oh, yes; Miss Hendricks is going to answer me to-night.—Judge.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is getting quite tart, so to speak.—Boston Herald.

Keep your eyes on the political reformer. He is a tough citizen.—Atlanta Constitution.

Portugal, as we are all aware, is a very small country. John Bull knows whom to tackle.—Baltimore Herald.

The secret is out at last. The mild weather is the direct effect of Senator Ingalls' red-hot speeches.—Chicago Journal.

It isn't always the man who talks loudest and longest that knows the most. Thump an empty barrel and it makes a loud sound.—Oil City Blizzard.

The announcement of the withdrawal from politics of Hon. William L. Scott sounds a little fishy. Who ever heard of Mr. Scott giving up a fight until he had to.—Warren Mail.

The congratulations which the Democrats are pouring in upon Calvin S. Brice are premature. Condolence may be sent to those who have to through with this case.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There seems to be a great probability that the house will rule Speaker Reed's proposed new rules out of order. This is sad, for Speaker Reed belongs to the ruling party. Will he get unruly over the matter?—Washington Gazette.

A MESSAGE.

> How little the left hand knoweth
> The deeds that are done by the right,
> How little the night time showeth
> Its sorrowful shades to the light!
> How few of the hearts that are broken
> Betray to the breaker their grief;
> How many harsh words that are spoken
> Are the crushed soul's only relief!
>
> Alas! for the childlike gladness
> We never may known again;
> And alas, and alas, for the sadness
> That broods like a spirit of pain!
> Like some spirit of pain that will never
> Still never when sunlight is fled.
> Until youth, and youth's last chanceful lover
> Grow old, and grow cold as the dead!
>
> It is strange that the hands that might lead us
> To heaven, refuse us their hold;
> That the dear lips that whisper "God speed us"
> Are the lips that are first to grow cold!
> But love, we are nearer the dawning,
> Just there is the heavenly light,
> And how little the glorious morning
> Knows the sorrowful shades of the night!
>
> —Lola Marshall Dean, in the Atlanta Constitution.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Pettigrew Favors Irrigation. Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, is a modest man except when booming the youthful state which he represents. When he was in New Pork a few days ago he said:

"You Eastern people do not realize what South Dakota is. It is a vast empire in itself. It has upwards of 100,000,000 acres of the finest land in the world. Some of it requires irrigation, which must come sooner or later, and I think that the government must furnish it. That would be the best way, because if left to private enterprises, it will be done so that thousands of acres will be left unproductive. It would cost the government a good deal of money for the plant, of course, possibly $1,000,000,000, to insure a fair distribution of water, but it would pay. The first thing to be done would be to locate great basins, which would be distributing reservoirs. This would be good business policy for the government, as the lands would be the richest in the world, and would support 100,000,000 people. This is no surface soil, which can be washed away, but it is a deep, rich soil, which has no equal, except in the Yellow river in China; and, in time, the government must provide for its irrigation."

Sketch of General Manager Finney. F. N. Finney, of Milwaukee, formerly general manager of the Wisconsin Central railway, one of the ablest railroad men in the country, is in this city for a few days, says a Philadelphia paper. Mr. Finney began his railroad career as a rodman, and was soon a first-class engineer. He first came into prominence as chief engineer of the Canada Southern railway, which he constructed far better than any railroad in America at that day. Later he was superintendent of several important roads, and in 1875 was made general manager of the Wisconsin Central. At that time the road consisted of two streaks of rust and a stumpy right-of-way between two interior Wisconsin towns. It was bankrupt, and its gross earnings were but $1 per mile per day. When Mr. Finney resigned, in 1888, when the road was amalgamated with the Northern Pacific, it consisted of a trunk line from Chicago to Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, with the best terminal facilities in those cities of any of the numerous lines. The road also ran to Ashland, on Lake Superior, and to many important points, all of it being constructed in a first-class manner. Mr. Finney was his own chief engineer, and personally superintended every detail of construction from the first shovel of earth to the furnishing of the dining cars.

He is considered to be the best authority on the physical aspects of a railroad in this country. He is constantly called upon to inspect railroads and make reports thereon. He recently finished the inspection of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, and it was upon this report that the reorganization scheme was based. Since retireing from the Wisconsin Central he has constantly refused the most flattering offers of important positions. He prefers to enjoy life after many years of hard work, and devotes his spare time to such expert work as he can be induced to undertake. No man is considered a higher authority on such matters in this country, and on a recent visit to Europe he spent two years in thoroughly examining their railroad systems.

Mr. Finney is a son of the celebrated Rev. C. G. Finney, president of Oberlin college, whom he is in no wise resembles—physically speaking. He looks about forty-two, but is much older, just how much no one has ever been able to find out, for he has the health, humor and good spirits of youth. He is accompanied by his wife, a very beautiful woman, who is a leader in Milwaukee society. Their home in that city is one of the moft beautiful in the West. They go south from here to spend the winter months.

Walker Blaine's Kindness. Apropos of the death of Walker Blaine, an interesting anecdote can be told. During Mr. Blaine's services as assistant secretary of state, a young New Yorker personally applied to the department for information regarding an old claim which had been there for many years. He was referred to Walker Blaine, who, through an entire stranger, greeted him most cordially, listened to him patiently, showed him into the file room, and there passed two hours with him explaining the status of the claim and examining the papers. The action was done so naturally, and was so different from the treatment unknown strangers often receive in the departments at Washington, that Walker Blaine made a lifelong friend of a political opponent.

Private Life of the Czar. To see the emperor to best advantage he must be sought in the bosom of his family. Indeed, whatever he may think of his divine mission, nature cut him out for a simple bourgeois. Both he and his wife are never happier than when they can leave all state cares behind them, throw off the yoke of etiquette and live for their children at Gatschina, at Peterhof, or, best of all, in Denmark, in which country the czar unbends in a manner never seen elsewhere. There is not so great a romp as he among all his nephews and nieces. He is master of all the childish revels. To these princes and princesses the autocrat of all the Russias is simply "Uncle Sasha," and cries of "Uncle Sasha! Uncle Sasha!" resound all over the place.

A favorite pastime of his is to stand amidst the merry throng and challenge them to pull him down. But they never succeed, either separately or united. The czar has most wonderful strength of muscle. He can bend a horseshoe or strangle a bear by mere force of hand. Once while in Denmark, when a conjurer was showing his skill, the czar offered to produce a specimen of his own abilities. He took a pack of cards and tore them through with the greatest ease. At Gatschina he loves to go fishing with a harpoon by torchlight. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is fond of felling trees, but, unlike that gentleman, he equally enjoys sawing them into logs. The czar has five children, three sons and two daughters.

The empress has her daughters much with her, and has not even a so-called governess for them. Her own personal attendant and her lady of honor serve also for them. In part, this springs from the emperor's love for simplicity of life, but in part also that they try to surround themselves with as few people as possible, so that as little as may be concerning their private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, and not without good reason, much afraid. The empress superintends in person the education of the two little grand duchesses, Xenia and Olga, aged respectively fourteen and six. The emperor in his leisure moments tries to do the same for his boys. Especially he loves to give them music and dancing lessons, for he thinks himself a great musician, and has a predilection for the cornet-a-piston.

One day a minister, busy reading to him an important document, beheld the czar vanish suddenly to intone in the adjoining room a rhapsody on his favorite instrument. "Excuse me," he said, returning after half an hour, "but I had so lovely an inspiration." He takes care, however, that they should also have better instruction than he can give them, remembering how his own education was neglected and how disastrous this has been for him.

When the negro demands to be released from his position as a citizen of the United States, and returned to the land of his origin, then it will be time to bring up laws to aid him in his departure. Until that time, legislation such as that proposed by Senator Butler will be useless and impertinent.—New York Commercial Advertiser.